

## SCIATIC TORTURE

PAIN SUFFERED BY MR. MARSTON AS GREAT AS MORTAL CAN STAND.

For Six Months He Could Not Turn in Bed—He Tells of a Remedy Which Has Given Perfect Relief.

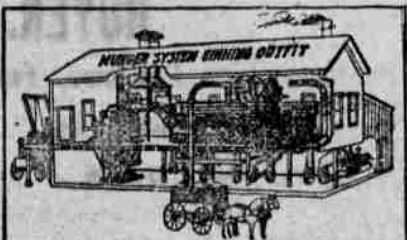
The case of Mr. Marston shows that sciatica can be cured, and no one afflicted by it should allow himself to be disheartened. He was first stricken about a year ago, and for six months he suffered pain which he thinks the most intense that any man could possibly stand.

Asked about the details of his remarkable recovery, Mr. Marston gave the following account: "I was attacked by a numbness or dull feeling just back of my right hip. I didn't know what the matter was, but thought it was simply a stiffness that would wear away in a short time. It didn't, however, and soon the pain became so very bad that every step was torture for me. When I finally succeeded in getting home, it was just as much as I could do to reach my room and get to bed.

"The doctor was sent for, and when he had examined me he said I had sciatica. He prescribed for me, and advised me not to try to leave my bed. The advice was unnecessary for I couldn't get out of bed if I wanted to. It was impossible for me to turn from one side to the other. The moment I attempted to move any part of my body, the pain became so excruciating that I would have to lie perfectly motionless.

"I suffered this torture for six months without getting any relief. Then I discharged the doctor, and on the advice of a friend I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began to take them, three at a dose, three times a day. I was determined to give them a thorough trial. Two months after I began to use them I was able to leave my bed and walk about the house, and a month later I was entirely cured and able to go about my work as usual. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine I ever used, and I heartily recommend them to anyone who suffers from sciatica."

Mr. Marston is a prosperous farmer and may be reached by mail addressed to Charles P. Marston, Hampton P. O., New Hampshire. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured other painful nervous disorders, such as neuritis, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. They are sold by all druggists.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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**A. J. TOWER CO., Boston, U. S. A.**  
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Toronto, Canada.

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**FOR WOMEN**  
troubled with itching peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvellously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness, cures itching and nasal catarrh. Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES.  
For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.  
Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.  
The G. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

## PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD



The Bad Boy Writes About the Fun They Had Going to Washington—He and His Dad Call on President Roosevelt.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.  
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)  
(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Washington, D. C.—My Dear Old Skate: I didn't tell you in my last about the fun we had getting here. We were on the ocean wave two days, because the whole country was flooded from the rains, and dad walked the quarter deck of the Pullman car, and hitched up his pants, and looked across the sea on each side of the train with a field glass, looking for whales and porpoises. He seems to be impressed with the idea that this trip abroad is one of great significance to the country, and that he is to be a sort of minister plenipotentiary, whatever that is, and that our country is going to be judged by the rest of



"I THOUGHT I WOULD BUST WHEN DAD FISHED OUT A NICKEL AND GAVE IT TO THE PORTER."

the world by the position he takes on world affairs. The first day out of Chicago dad corralled the porter in a section and talked to him until the porter was black in the face. I told dad the only way to get respectful consideration from a negro was to advocate lynching and burning at the stake, for the slightest things, so when our porter was unusually attentive to a young woman on the car dad hauled him over the coals, and scared him so by talking of hanging, and burning in kerosene oil, that the negro got whiter than your shirt, and when he got away from dad he came to me and asked if that old man with the red nose and the gold-headed cane was as dangerous as he talked. I told him he was my dad, and that he was a walking delegate of the Amalgamated Association of Negro Lynchers, and when a negro did anything that he ought to be punished for they sent for dad, and he took charge of the proceedings and saw that the negro was hanged, and shot, and burned up plenty. But I told him that dad was crazy on the subject of giving tips to servants, and he must not fall dead when we got to Washington if dad gave him a \$50 bill, and he must not give back any change, but just act as though he always got \$50 from passengers. Well, you'd a dide to see that negro brush dad 50 times a day, and bring a towel every few minutes to wipe off his shoes, but he kept one eye, about as big as an onion, on dad all the time, to watch that he didn't get stabbed.

The next morning I took dad's pants from under his pillow, and hid them in a linen closet, and dad laid in his berth all the forenoon, and had it out with the porter, whom he accused of stealing them. The doctors told me I must keep dad interested and excited, so he would not dwell on his sickness, and I did, sure as you are a foot high. Dad stood it till almost noon, when he came out of his berth with his pajamas on, these kind with great blue



"THEN HE GOT UP AND BEGAN TO SHOW HIS TEETH AT DAD AGAIN AND DAD GAVE HIM THE GRAND HAILING SIGN OF DISTRESS OF THE GRAND ARMY."

stripes like a fellow in the penitentiary, and when he went to the wash room I found his pants and then he dressed up and swore some at everybody but me. We got to Washington all right, and I thought I would bust when dad fished out a nickel and gave it to the porter, and we got out of the car before the porter came to, and the first day we stayed in the hotel for fear the negro would see us, as I told dad that porter would round up a gang of negroes with razors and they would waylay us and cut dad all up into sausage meat. Dad is the bravest man. Well, this morning dad shaved himself, and got on his frock coat, and his silk hat, and said we would go over to the white house and have a talk with Teddy, but first he wanted to go and see where Jefferson hitched his

horse to the fence when he came to Washington to be inaugurated, and where Jackson smoked his corn cob pipe, and swore and stormed around when he was mad, and to walk on the same paths where Zachariah Taylor Zacked, Buchanan caught it, and Lincoln put down the rebellion, and so we walked over toward the white house, and I was scandalized. I stopped to pick up a stone to throw at a dog inside the fence, and when I walked along behind dad, and got a rear view of his silk hat, it seemed as though I would sink through the asphalt pavement, for he had on an old silk hat that he wore before the war, the darndest looking hat I ever saw, the brim curled like a minstrel show hat, the fur rubbed off in some places, and he looked like one of these actors that you see pictures of walking on the railroad track, when the show busts up at the last town. I think a man ought to dress so his young son won't have a fit. I tried to get dad to go and buy a new hat, but he said he was going to wait till he got to London, and buy one just like King Edward wears, but he will never get to London with that hat, 'cause to-night I will throw it out of the hotel window and put a piece of stove pipe in his hat box.

Well, sir, you wouldn't believe it, but we got into the white house without being pulled, but it was a close shave, 'cause everybody looked at dad, and put their forefingers to their foreheads, for they thought he was either a crank, or an ambassador from some furrin country. The detectives got around dad when we got into the ante-room, and began to feel of his pockets to see if he had a gun, and one of them asked me what the old fellow wanted, and I told them he was the greatest bob cat shooter in the west, and was on his way to Europe to invite the emperors and things to come over to this country and shoot cats on his preserve. Well, say, you ought to have seen how they stepped one side and waltzed around, and one of them went in the next room and told the president dad was there, and before we knew it we were in the president's room, and the president began to curl up his lip, and show his teeth like some one had said "rats." He got hold of dad's hand, and dad backed off as though he was afraid of being bitten, and then they sat down and talked about mountain lion and cat shooting, and dad said he had a 22 rifle that he could pick a cat off the back fence with every time, out of his bedroom window, and I began to look around at the pictures. Dad and the president talked about all kinds of shooting, from mudhens to moose, and then dad told the president he was going abroad on account of his liver, and wanted a letter of introduction to some of the kings and emperors, and queens, and jacks, and all the face cards, and the president said he made it a practice not to



READY TO FIGHT THE PRESIDENT'S SON.

give any personal letters to his friends, the kings, but that dad could tell any of them that he met that he was an American citizen, and that would take him anywhere in Europe, and then he got up and began to show his teeth at dad again, and dad gave him the grand hailing sign of distress of the Grand Army and backed out, dropped his hat, and in trying to pick it up, he stepped on it, but that made it look better, anyway, and we found ourselves outside the room, and a lot of common people from the country were ready to go in and talk politics and cat shooting.

Well, we looked at pictures, and saw the state dining room where they feed 50 diplomats at a time on mud turtle and champagne, and a boy about my size looked sort of disdainful at me, and I told him if he would come outside I would mash his jaw, and he said I could try it right there if I was in a hurry to go, and I was starting to give him a swift punch when a detective took hold of my arm and said they couldn't have any scrap there, 'cause the president's son could not fight with common boys, and I asked him who he called a common boy, and then dad said we better go before war broke out in a country that was ill prepared for hostilities on a large scale, and then I told a detective that dad was liable to have one of his spells and begin shooting any minute, and then the detectives all thought dad was one of these president assassinations, and they took him into a room and searched him, and asked him a whole lot of fool questions, and they finally let us out, and told us we better skip the town before night. Dad got kind of heavy-hearted over that and took a notion he would like to see ma again before crossing the bryny deep, so you will have the joy of seeing your little angel again soon. This weakness of dad's made me hot, for I'm looking for a warm time in New York and old London, but dad was obstinate, so home we go for a little visit before risking our precious lives in an ocean palace car. So long.

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Pa—I suppose it is because when a man thinks of marrying the woman meets him halfway.—Boston Transcript.

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(Signed) MRS. C. E. BUMGARDNER.  
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To supply this remedy to the whole world takes to the utmost one of the best laboratories in the United States.

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"My head and nostrils were stopped up most of the time, and there was a discharge, and my sense of smell was affected badly."

"After two weeks' use of Peruna I found this condition quite changed, and so I continued to use this remarkable medicine for over a month."

"I am very glad to say that at the end of that time I was cured and felt in fine health generally, and am pleased to give Peruna my honest endorsement."

From Hawaii.

Prince Jonah Kalaniana'ole, delegate in Congress from Hawaii, writes from Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I can cheerfully recommend your Peruna as a very effective remedy for coughs, colds and catarrhal trouble."

A Cuban Minister.

Senor Quesada, Cuban Minister to the United States, writes from Washington, D. C., as follows:

"Peruna I can recommend as a very good medicine. It is an excellent strengthening tonic, and is also an efficacious cure for the almost universal complaint of catarrh."—Gonzalo De Quesada.

From All Quarters of the Globe.

We have on file thousands of testimonials like those given above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast number of grateful letters. Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving from all quarters of the globe in behalf of his famous catarrh remedy, Peruna.

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